

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and  
Character in Religion

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## UNITY

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## Editorial

"Let thy day be to thy night  
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise  
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,  
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for  
her,  
And give her time to grow, and cherish  
her;  
Then will she come, and oft will sing to  
thee,  
When thou art working in the furrows;  
ay,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—  
Joy is the grace we say to God."

—Jean Ingelow.

SEND us names of friends and others to whom we may send sample copies.

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WE have received an address on The Martyrs of the Liberal Faith, by Mr. M. M. Mangasarian, which is published by the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture and will be on sale at UNITY office. It deserves attention for the conscientious care with which the lecturer sought to avoid injustice to the mistaken zealots who sacrificed the martyrs to their diseased sense of duty.

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NOW THAT the two homicidal "cranks," Vaillant and Prendergast, have been found guilty and condemned to death, we believe that there will be strong protests against carrying the sentences into execution. The difficulty which here confronts us—the unwillingness to put to death a man of whose sanity and responsibility there may be grave doubt—would be obviated if the death penalty were done away with, imprisonment substituted, and the pardoning power curtailed. That such men should be put in custody, whether sane or insane, is a proposition to which all must agree. But as long as we have the death penalty, reasonable conscientious scruples and sentimentality will combine to make it difficult to give society the protection it needs.

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WE urge our readers to consult our club list and premium list in their own interest as well as ours. We have not given pages of our space to advertising our splendid offers. But we have nevertheless made very valuable offers, and offers which have rarely been equalled. To one who desires to take any of the leading magazines or weeklies we give the opportunity of getting it at the regular price, and without additional expense making a present to some friend of a year's subscription to UNITY, or by adding 25 or 50 cents

to the regular price of the magazine he can get it and also have his subscription to UNITY renewed for a year,—all by merely ordering the magazine through us. Or by getting a few new subscriptions at the regular rate, one of our present subscribers can get his paper next year free. Further than this, to present nearly 200 beautiful pictures of the World's Fair, neatly bound, and send UNITY to a new name for \$1.25, is an offer that we are sure would bring us in many new subscriptions if the value of this book of views were known. And either UNITY or the rich volume containing an anthology of the noble utterances at the Parliament of Religions, "The Chorus of Faith," is worth the \$1.25 for which a new subscriber may procure both.

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THE reported movement by the Roman Catholics, with Mgr. Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons at their head, to obtain the appropriation of a portion of the public funds for the support of parish schools, seems to be quite without definite foundation, Cardinal Gibbons having expressly denied the part attributed to him in the movement. This might have been anticipated. The Roman church in America is far too wise to make a demonstration of this kind in the face of adverse popular opinion. What it does in this direction will not be done with the fanfare of trumpets and with colors flying; but quietly, here and there, where the opportunity offers. The Independent has undertaken to get the opinions of Romanist prelates on the subject, and publishes the replies of five archbishops, twenty-four bishops and several other prominent clergymen to a letter of inquiry which it sent out. These answers, taken as a whole, are far from definite and leave us just where we were before, as far as obtaining an expression of the Roman Catholic policy is concerned. This also was to be expected. The intelligent American public, however, has



little need to depend upon information of this kind. It knows fairly well what it may in general expect from the Church of Rome.

### The Parliament's Challenge to the Unitarians.

Believing as we do that the Parliament was more than a passing compromise, a dramatic play in the religious history of the world, a spiritual sensation, we must take seriously to heart the prophecy we find in it. We believe it was an object lesson in church building. We think it pointed to the possibility to unite men of divers races and faiths in an actual fellowship, in working organizations, potent, inspiring, in short the Parliament of Religions predicted a movement that will undertake to organize a new church in the world; a church that will bear none of the existing denominational names in Christendom or out of it, but will be friendly and hospitable to all churches. We believe that there is a liberal church coming into being that will enlist the sympathies of the thoughtful and the dutiful who now perhaps stay outside of all churches because all of them are more or less allied by creed or by name to theological controversies in which they are not interested and that do not now represent vital interests. The most liberal of the Christian denominations have come into being on textual lines. They have fought the battle of doctrine with proof-texts. It has been a matter of chapter and verse. "How readest thou?" has been the appeal. The newer thought is indifferent of the lexicon. Religion no longer rests, for the thoughtful, on Greek roots or Hebrew vowels. All the existing denominations in Christendom and probably out of Christendom have been more allied with systems of theology. The new religion will be allied more to questions of anthropology. Ecclesiastical history is getting to be a study in archaeology, a study of old things. History is perennial and universal. Sociology is the new vehicle that is to convey gospel forces into power.

Who can fail to see what all this means to the Unitarians? If they are to wear the jewel called consistency the Parliament challenges them to take their own medicine. With uplifted fingers pointed to them it says: "Practice what you preach.

Dare to do what you predict others must do. Go to work and realize this prophecy. Put yourself in the way of co-operating with all those who thirst for the fellowship of universal religion. Put yourselves in line with the Church of the Future, and thus indeed represent the fellowship of Channing, Emerson, Parker, and Martineau." They who would belong more to the Unitarian movement must belong less to the Unitarian sect. The old controversy as to whether there are one or three persons in the Godhead has but little place in modern thought. Not unfold nor trifold but manifold is the Deity that challenges our reverence to-day. The Unitarian denomination that has been hesitating and halting along the cool and ragged edges of Christendom, missing the fervor and strength of its dogmatic heart, but dreading to trust the splendid inspirations of natural religion, of universal faith, is doomed. The sect will die in order that its spirit of individual responsibility and free inquiry may live. The Unitarian cannot go consistently to his inconsistent Methodist neighbor, his incoherent Baptist friend, and discontented Presbyterian acquaintance, and say, "Leave one sect for another, take off one denominational badge and put on another." But he can say, "Come, let us each have done with this labeling business. Let us both step out and on to a platform upon which neither Christianity, Buddhism, Brahminism nor Agnosticism has any pre-emption. On that broad plain of humanity, let us build a temple of universal religion dedicated to the inquiring spirit of progress, to the helpful services of love. We will sing and work and worship in chorus, but our chorus will not insist on uniforms. We will differ freely in our joyous union." Some such church as this already exists. It exists all over the world where commerce and science, letters and philanthropy have gone to break down the conceits of creed and the pretensions of sects. We believe that in the so-called Liberal forces of America—the Unitarian, Universalist, Reformed Jewish, Ethical Culture and Independent movements—there is found the material for the great prophetic Free Church of America. Democratic, progressive, helpful. A church where heresy-hunting will be absolutely impossible, because the spirit which makes heretics will be

the central inspiration of its life,—the spirit of inquiry, the spirit of individual responsibility in matters of thought. It will find its cohesion in the emulation of the growing thought and purest lives of humanity. It will find its inspiration in bearing one another's burdens and its commission in promoting truth, righteousness and love in the world. The Parliament has thrown its challenge to the Unitarians of America and asks them to venture to live up to this standard. "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will not eat meat; no, not while the world lasteth," said Paul. In that same spirit let Unitarians say, "If the word 'Unitarian' giveth offense, if it misinterprets us or we misinterpret it, we discard the word that we may cherish the thing."

Thus far the liberal forces are shy of each other. They are afraid of the disguised bishops at denominational headquarters, of the halting ones in the parishes. These terrors will continue until they are defied, and preacher and congregation together say, "Henceforth we take the open road." Our bishops are in front. The glimmering lights of the future guide us. We go to build the church of the twentieth century,—open temples of reason, holy shrines of helpfulness, confessionals where the soul will not be afraid to confess its ignorance, acknowledge its limitations,—where it will bend the knee to kiss the hem of the inevitable. There is the beginning place of prayer. From the touch of this hem will come in due time the courage to lift the eyes upward, and the soul will find to its delight that the inevitable is also the ineffable. That which at the lower hem is fate, at the upper end fringes the face of a benignant providence. Somebody must start, some church. Let the Unitarians dare, and here in Chicago, the scene of the Parliament triumphs. Chicago should become the cathedral city of the world for the world-religion that was here exemplified more forcibly than formulated. What better place to begin than in the West, where we have much to gain in the way of unhappy souls to make earnest and joyous, a great world of bigotry to ameliorate, a great country of wealth and intelligence to consecrate, and so little to lose in the way of influence, wealth, position, or reputation for soundness of faith even of the Unitarian kind.



For, as Lowell sang of Theodore Parker:

"From their orthodox kind of dissent we've often dissented."

"If the war must begin, let it begin here," said the grandfather of the same Theodore Parker on the Lexington green. And so we say that if the Parliament is to bear fruit in a visible movement toward a Free Church of universal religion, let it begin with the Western Unitarians. Let them stand up to be shot at, and run the risk of ridicule and defeat that the triumphs of life may come abundantly if not to them in a measure through them to others.

Let them change their organizations, if necessary, from technical to actual Unitarian churches. This is a high test placed upon their interest and sincerity in this matter. If they would win freedom even from a loved name, independency from the limitations even of a cause dear to them, in order that they may serve it better, they must sacrifice for it, win the transfiguration by climbing the mount. Let them realize the dream of a church which will be as closely and dearly related to the Japanese Hirai as to the Boston Savage, a church affiliated to Robert Collyer and to Mezoomdar, a church as open for fullest fellowship to Dhamapala as to Edward Everett Hale. Then we may look for a great passion to publish their word, a greater joy than ever in missionary activities. The church that lives for itself alone does not live as a church. It may be a club, a fashionable society, patron of music and oratory, weekly exhibitions of which it generously supports, but it is not a church. A church does not live unto itself. And even in these hungry days we must never forget that he is still a starveling whose heart goes unfed and whose mind is not nourished. The charities of mind are ever in demand, aye, ever the most urgent.

"O Church of God! my life is lent  
For yours, to spend and to be spent."

#### A Present Duty of Chicago Women.

The managers of the sewing-room for needy women at Harrison and Halsted streets, under the direction of the Emergency Relief Association and affiliated with the Woman's Club, says the most needed help to their enterprise is work. They have one hundred women at work at fifty cents a day, and are doing for these women the one thing really helpful, giving

them the chance to help themselves. But as yet it has been hard to find enough sewing to keep them all busy. They have done some work for various hospitals and for the School Children's Aid Society, but if much more work were sent in to be done the enterprise would be on a more lasting basis and a larger number of those needy women could be employed.

Now I submit to all the kind-hearted housekeepers of Chicago who are anxious to help in alleviating the pitiful distress of this winter, that everyone of them has need of new household linen, bedding, and of many undergarments. Perhaps they have been accustomed to buy these ready-made "cheaper than they could make them," or, certainly, cheaper than they could have them made in the house. They have, perhaps, read Helen Campbell's disclosures of the way some of these garments are made by women at starvation prices in New York City, and perhaps they have debated within themselves whether it would be better for those poor needlewomen that all women should cease buying their product because it is ill-paid or to go on giving them a chance to do something rather than nothing at all. If every city woman had sought out a needy seamstress to do her work—and ceased buying the sweaters' goods—it would have solved the problem. But that it was clearly impracticable for most busy city women to do. Now, however, an organization has been formed, of unimpeachable standing, which is gathering together needy women to sew. If Chicago women would give their orders for all plain sewing—for plain undergarments, and, as the scheme is perfected, for boys' clothing and children's cloaks—to this Relief Association, they could wear the garments thus made without the haunting fear that they were made at starvation prices, under disgraceful and even infected conditions. Moreover, they could paraphrase in earnest the irreverent woman of fashion, who said that to know that her dress fitted well in the back gave her the peace that passeth understanding.

The Association, if encouragement were thus given it, could extend and make permanent a Co-operative Needle-Room, could buy materials at wholesale and furnish its customers with garments which, while costing perhaps more than those sold in the

stores—but perhaps no more, since one profit would be eliminated,—would certainly still cost less than garments made at home out of material bought at retail. There would of course at first be many difficulties in the way of getting experienced cutters—and good workwomen—and of managing a sweater's business without sweating. But the women of Chicago have shown business ability that is equal to this, and with the co-operation of the factory inspectors, and even, let it be hoped, of some of the great retailers themselves, the Co-operative Needlework Association could banish the doleful Song of the Shirt from many tenements.

"Seam and gusset and band,

Band and gusset and seam,"

might then sound in a well-appointed workroom, from women not "in unwomanly rags" and not

"With a voice of dolorous pitch—

Would that its tones could reach the rich,"

but a happy Song of the Shirt.

F. G. B.

#### Roads and Steeds.

Smooth is the shinning path before us,

Straight it runs through the Arctic snow,

Clear and polished and hard as granite:

O'er it flashing our good steeds go.

White the prairie lies around us,

Level and bare as the boundless sea,

Here and there a bush for a way mark,

Hither and yon a sentinel tree.

Smoke curls up from the distant chimneys

Dotting the prairie here and there,

In and out by the straggling fences

Cattle are huddled, steaming the air.

Ring our bells in the silent snow fields,

Ring and echo the fields along,

Quick we flash by the crowded windows,

Floats behind us a time-worn song.

Boundless seems the space before us,

Lonely space upon either hand,

Lightning speed in our matchless horses,

Why should we ever come to a stand?

On and on we will go forever,

Circle the globe, and circle the spheres,

With roads and steeds so fairly mated,

We will ride and ride for a thousand years.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

#### It Pays.

It pays to read the papers, especially your own family paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., are now advertising, offering paying positions to parties who engage with them, devoting all or any part of their time to their business interests. It might pay you to write to them.



## Contributed and Selected

## MY SAINT.

TO THE REVEREND DR. JOHN S. LEE.

I know a good, brave man, whose locks  
are white  
With frost of many winters; on his  
brow  
Peace smiling sits; and thought with  
human love;  
And in his deep blue eye the quiet self-  
respect  
That upright living yields the pure in  
heart.  
Fame has not crowned him victor in  
the fields  
Of carnage, trade or party,—yet to me  
He seems a being of the golden age  
When men were knights of honor;  
sage and seer,  
His counsels swayed my little ones, as  
winds  
Stir the spring violets in meadows  
sweet;  
His blessing sanctified the solemn rite  
That gave my lamb unto the stranger's  
fold.  
His saintly prayer above my precious  
dead  
Was balm and healing to the bruised  
heart.  
His sun-bright spirit lit the farther  
shore.  
And gave me farewells cruel fate de-  
nied.  
His truth and kindness all his blessed  
days  
Have honored manhood, and his  
Christly faith.  
The good he wrought shall greet him  
when he goes  
Smiling to other fields of happy toil—  
Shall blossom round him in eternal joy  
And charity and knowledge. Here  
There will be lamentations and the  
tears  
That never flow save for the great and  
good.  
These shall make sweet the arid,  
wasted soil  
Of doubting hearts. His faithful work  
Shall praise him in the future of the  
race,  
His children carry the white fire he  
made  
To frozen natures, dark and cheerless  
lives.  
His spotless memory their anchor  
sheet  
To whom fair justice veiled her loveli-  
ness,—  
His life shall never fail them, or mis-  
lead;  
When beat the surges of temptations  
dire  
And faith in others perish utterly.  
This one white life, a symbol of the  
next,  
Shall live for man, his country and his  
God.

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

## BY THE WAY.

III.

He came from Arizona to Chicago—out of work, and to see the Fair. How was he going to see it? Get a job inside the grounds. And he did. Got put on as a Columbian Guard. "Size, shape, good looks generally" did it. Saw some of the Fair; but not as much as he intended to; for, about as soon as he got his "suit paid for, they cut off the heads of about half of 'em; mine included." Since then? Well, he got pretty low down, even to begging. Slept anywhere he could crowd in when night came, or laid down on the grass on the Lake Front. Had had no trouble with the police, except once. Then a "cop" came along when he lay stretched out asleep and rapped him on the bottom of his feet. "Gee-whitikers! how it stung. I got up quicker, and was a mind to thrash the scoundrel. He deserved it, and I believe I could have done it. But I couldn't thrash the whole city of Chicago, which would have backed him up, and so I chewed my tongue and thought better of it. But that ain't the way to treat a man, and Chicago should be ashamed to uphold such conduct. Suppose I was a tramp? Suppose I was tired out and threw myself down where I ought n't to? A decent man would n't treat another that way just because he was an officer and had the power. And shame, I say, on a community that'll uphold it! Suppose he had put a dynamite bomb under me and blown me to atoms. 'Twould n't o' hurt any worse. No, I've always been a law-abiding man, even though I have my opinion about the laws, and the men that execute them. I've thought a good deal over the matter. A man without work, food or shelter has a chance to think a good deal. I could give some of our law-makers at Washington, D. C., points would benefit them—if they had the wit to accept and appreciate them. I studied law once myself.

"Yes, I'm going back West again, as soon as I can. It is n't so easy getting away, though. If I foot it, I frighten all the women on the road. If I go aboard a train they put me off. If I go into a hotel in the city, they run me out. If I stop on the street corner, they order me to move on. If I lie down on a vacant spot of God's earth, I'm rapped over the feet. The only place where I'm not insulted or abused is in a saloon.

"No, I don't drink."

"Yah, you vas velcome to come in. There was mine frou, mine girls and mine kids. Yosef, you get up an' give the gentlemen a seat: an' you pour the beer for the gentlemen."

It is a cleanly room—the floor hardly dry after a good scrubbing. A few old prints in black and gilt frames are hung on the walls. The stove shines, and the "frou," seated in a high-back chair in the corner,

with a white kerchief or shawl about her neck, crossing the front and tying around her waist, looking comfortable enough.

The large round table had been brought into the center of the room, and about it were grouped all the younger members of the family, the "girls" and the "kids," eight or ten in number, divided about equally. Perhaps it was five boys and four girls; the oldest a young lady with fine bright eyes and a good forehead. The forehead, in fact, was the distinguishing feature of the whole family. Broad and bulging. The little girl, six or seven, looked up from her picture book, her great eyes of brightest blue, set under a forehead of such smooth expanse one at once wondered what would she think of the world when she grew up!

The eldest boy was nineteen. The father said:

"Mine Wolfgang vas good for not much. He do the 'tings over all the vall—I guess vas porty goot, an' he learn the architect—he built the house vas in next yard. But he vas not much money to me yet."

The mother smiled, as Wolfgang did. It was the father's way. So many fathers mingle their praise of their boys with grains of discredit, as though they were afraid of spoiling them if they simply confessed the real pride in them. The way this Herr Steinberg said "mine Wolfgang" atoned, however, for the disparaging word, and his "not much money to me yet" was possibly intended as a reflection on himself as well.

Wolfgang was busy with some drawings that would have done credit to much older heads, and showed that he already had no little skill in his chosen profession.

A younger brother had covered every scrap of paper he could find with ships. Questioning him, it seemed, to a novice at any rate, that he had the navigation of the world in his grasp. He could tell all the different ships afloat, and give the names of most of them, naming also the nations to which they belonged.

"Yah, he vas goot at those. He go to sea some of these days in a tub; all same to him."

The 13-year-old girl was at her embroidery. One brother had constructed a rocking-chair, carving a little scroll on the top, and she was at the upholstery. It was a unique pattern. She was stitching on the back.

"I brought it from Shir-ma-nie"—to try to spell the word as the mother pronounced it. And the girl explains it was from a "very old water-color miniature her great-great-great-grandmother did."

Now, this family had not been much to school, but when the smallest boy with a big atlas spread before him asked a question, every one at the table was ready with the answer. And the conversation developed that they were well read in history, and knew of the poets; the architect



often chiming in, "as Shakespeare has it," or "as Goethe puts it."

A thrifty, intelligent, industrious, educated and educating family, at home with themselves, and apparently with the world. All of them at work during the day. Pursuing their various avocations by night, resting so from the day's toil. Illustrating what their Goethe wrote:

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.

S. H. M.

### One Solution of the Labor Problem.\*

The last issue of *Employer and Employed*, published by the Association for the Promotion of Profit-Sharing, contains the story of the Leclaire experiment, by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale visited Leclaire last February. He describes the town itself as very attractive. The site, covering 125 acres not far from St. Louis, was purchased in 1890 by the company manufacturing plumbers' supplies, of which Mr. N. O. Nelson is President. The houses, "not uniform in construction, but all pretty and artistic in design," are sold by the corporation outright to the workmen, not simply rented to them. The business was started in 1877 by Mr. Nelson in St. Louis. In 1886 he proposed the profit sharing innovation. By the original plan 6 per cent. of the profits was first set aside as interest on the capital invested, then 10 per cent. for a reserve fund, and 10 per cent. more for a provident fund. "The remainder was divided by an equal percentage between capital and labor." During the seven years of the experiment these wages dividends have averaged 8 per cent. They were originally payable in cash, "to make it clear that they meant money," although the employees had the option of taking the dividends in stock, to encourage co-operation. Now these dividends are payable only in stock. But when an employee leaves the company it buys his stock at par. The separate provident fund has been dropped. The employees maintain a co-operative store. All purchases must be paid for in cash. "The business of this store has steadily grown. It has paid 6 per cent. interest on the capital, and has returned an average of 15 per cent. on the purchases. It is conducted on the Rochdale plan of selling at the usual retail prices and returning the profit in proportion to the purchases." The experiment seems to stand well the test of the hard times. A proposition to take in sail, made by the management to the men last July, was accepted unanimously and "with cheers." The present arrangement is this: "Until the hard times are over, three-fourths of the present rate of wages and salaries will be paid in cash, and the other one-fourth will be paid at the end of this year if there is any-

This summary is taken from *The Outlook*.

thing left after allowing 6 per cent. interest on capital for that part of the year during which full wages have been paid, and 4½ per cent. interest on that part of the year in which three-fourths wages have been paid. If not made good out of this year's profit, it will be made good out of any future year in which there is a profit above simple interest on capital."

### A Good Example.

The Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., is having a series of meetings in the interest of "working men," and with the hope of bringing them and the church nearer together. Last Sunday (Jan. 7) Rev. Perry Marshall, a former pastor of Unity Church of that city, spoke to an enthusiastic audience of several hundred people on "*The Problem of the Age*." The people did not fear to applaud at the beginning and end of the discourse, and at any place where they wished especially to show their approval. After the speaking, questions were asked and answered. Several persons at the close went forward to declare for the first time their faith in the speaker's teaching,—that in the "evolution of government" is great hope of preventing poverty; that monopolies by which millions are poured into the laps of the few must become more all-embracing until they shall finally pass over to the government, "for the people." The daily papers gave abstracts of the discourse, which thus obtained a wide hearing. The first Sunday in February, Rev. Graham Taylor, a former pastor of the Fourth Church, and now a professor in a Chicago college, is to be the speaker.

Certainly this move is in the right direction. Immediately after the death of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, speaking in Music Hall to Parker's people, said: "The pulpit should use the day [Sunday] and opportunity for the training of the community in the whole encyclopædia of morals—social questions, sanitary matters, slavery, temperance, labor, the condition of women, the nature of government, responsibility to law, the right of a majority, and how far a minority may yield, marriage, health,—the entire list. For all these are moral questions and they are living questions, not metaphysics, not dogmas. . . . The pulpit, as seen in the north of Europe and in this country, is not built up of mahogany and paint. It is the life of earnest men, the example of the community; a forum to unfold, broaden, and help mankind. That is the pulpit. If this were recognized and acted upon, people would not desert the church, as they tend to do; or go, if at all, from a mere sense of duty; but would be drawn to the pulpit, as they are to the press and the theater, by a felt want." True, it is a much easier matter to "preach about the sins of the ancient Egyptians," and to lead a society for mutual admiration. M.

## Correspondence

### Ramabai.

DEAR UNITY: I sent to our friends at Sioux City a contradiction, as definite as I could make it, of a story which had been circulated there regarding the Pundita Ramabai. This story asserted that she was engaged in converting Hindu women to the Church of England, and that was the object of her school. As it happened, we knew the particular incident on which this story was founded. It is that of a girl who, after a good many turns of fortune, brought up in the English Government School, with which the Pundita has nothing to do. A good deal to the scandal of her friends, she was baptized in one of the English chapels there. But with this transaction Ramabai had no more connection than the teacher of a high school in Chicago has with the confirmation of any girl who has been in her school.

While such charges as this are occasionally made in American churches, another set of charges against Ramabai complain of her that there is no religion at all in her school, and that it is a school of atheism and what is called infidelity. She is thus between two fires. Neither of these fires seems to have hurt her so far, and I do not think that you and I suppose that they will hurt her. But I will thank UNITY to say to any of our friends who have sustained Ramabai heretofore that the spirit and wisdom and breadth of her administration since the school was opened have been such as to give new confidence to all her friends who have the pleasure of seeing her correspondence and reading the reports of the school. The school is attacked all the time, now by the missionaries, now by bigoted Brahmans, now by Tom, now by Dick, and now by Harry. All the same, it accommodates all the pupils whom it has room for, and it seems to satisfy those who have intrusted young people to its charge. It is just what it set out to be,—a school for child-widows. It appears to have the same religious influence that a good high school in one of our American cities has, and the teachers exercise just as much and just as little religious influence as do the teachers in such a school.

If anybody needs farther information and will address me or the general secretary of the Ramabai Association, we shall be glad to answer them. Mrs. Andrews, the chief of the Executive Committee, is at this moment in Poona, and as soon as her letters arrive, we shall have the view of an intelligent American lady on the position. Truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

P. S. We publish almost every month, in *Lend-a-Hand*, the latest reports from the school.

A BORE usually makes a big hole in a busy day.



## Church-Door Pulpit

### A Personal Tribute to John C. Learned.\*

BY W. L. SHELDON.

It was one of the mild, warm days which came early last spring when we were together lying on the ground out under the open sky at Tower Grove Park. We were talking of death and eternity. Men will do that sometimes; although it was strange that we should have done so in the early spring. He said to me that he was perfectly ready to die. He did not think that it would give him the faintest uneasiness or concern if he knew he were to die on the ensuing day. He believed that his work was done. Few men can say at heart what he said. No matter what they look forward to or anticipate in that Beyond, they shrink back and cling to earth and say: "I do not want to go."

I think of that talk we had together because it was characteristic of the man. He was so calm, so steady, so fearless and so true. We who knew him did not want to have him go. We did not believe that his work was done. As though the work of a personality ever was done! He did not know, himself, the kind of an influence he was exerting. He had no clear appreciation why men clung to him and wanted so greatly that he should stay. No man ever has any measure of his own influence. Those who exert it the most are the least conscious of it. They seldom think about it at all, especially if it be the influence, not simply of an idea or of a teaching, but of a personality. But that was the influence of Mr. Learned.

It was two or three years ago, I believe, that I once remarked to a friend that when Mr. Learned came to die I would like to preach his funeral sermon. It was a strange thought on my part. It may have sounded cold and unfeeling; but it was with a sense of solemn awe that I made the remark. It came in those moods which men have when they feel themselves, as it were, in contact with something great, yes, with something almost divine. It was the kind of feeling which I used to have in walking up and down the aisles of the cathedrals in Europe, and I would say to myself, "If only now I could sit down and write out what is on my heart." It was the kind of awe I felt when standing on the Acropolis at Athens, or on the summit of the Mount of Olives and looking down on Jerusalem. It was a solemn, religious emotion. Men only are great, and not things. Mind and soul are what we care for in ourselves and in the universe. They alone call forth awe and the sense of sublimity. It is not nature as such that we are thinking of when we are looking at it, but rather the something which is

akin to ourselves in nature. The stars are grand to us because the stars have a kinship with ourselves. We and they somehow are connected together. They all tell of life, but most of all they tell of mind and soul. And when one man calls forth that feeling in you it may be right to speak and endeavor to say what is on your heart. I revered this man as I revere no other living man on earth. He was my best example of living mind and soul. And so it was that he made me think of those of Athens and Jerusalem.

It is so grand, so helpful, so inspiring when you meet one man who does call forth your sense of awe and reverence. If that has been your good fortune, its influence will stay with you to the end of your days. You will care more for life; you will see more in life that is worth living. You will think less of death and have less fear of death. You will believe more in the human race. You will have more faith in nature and the universe. You will see even deeper into what is hidden behind or underneath or within that name of "God." I do not know how many others had this same feeling about that one man. We choose our ideals by instinct. It is the same instinct which leads us to choose our heroes, to recognize our ideals in living men. And so it was that I made my choice, and the instinct within me chose him as my ideal of incarnate, divine, pure manhood. And yet when now I sit down to think or say what has been on my heart in regard to him, to put into words what I have felt, to express those emotions which were, indeed, so eager to find expression, it would seem as though the thoughts would not come. My mind stands still. The words falter and I feel as though I had nothing to say. All that he was and did fuses together into a personality. I see his figure in my mind; the personality seems to go before me; the soul of the man is present to my consciousness, but I cannot describe it. It seems just a personality.

We have stood side by side, working together. We have been hand in hand at the same graves. We have talked together as few men ever talked together, expressing our hopes and our fears, our aspirations and our despondency. I talked to him as to no other living man. He was to me, as I presume he was to others, a kind of confessional. We felt that what we said to him would not be known to others. It was like talking to ourselves, and yet somehow while saying it to him we seemed to gather strength, merely by his listening to us, though he might give no answer. There was a peculiar strength in his look, because it all lay back in that personality. I have never been tempted to talk to others as I talked to him. We had brooded together over mankind and the universe,—in expressing to one another that sorrow of all sorrows, the depression over the

condition of our human brotherhood, and on the slow, so slow, advance that the race of men seem to be making. We had talked of our care to uplift the race of men: to make them better, to lead them to care for the things that we cared for, to stir them to a love for the inner higher life, to make them want to be religious and to believe in an ideal form of religion.

Now that he is gone there is a sense of solitude for me which I have never felt before. The one man with whom I had communed as with my own soul is gone and is taking his rest. It was not that we talked together a great deal or saw each other often. It was simply that he was there and I always knew he was there, though I might not see him for weeks or months at a time—we rested on the bare fact of his presence. It sustained me almost as much even if he was not by. That did not always seem to matter. But so long as he was here we felt somehow that he was there to lean upon. I have never known an instance of his kind in all my personal experience, nor have I ever seen any example that was like it. He set all my rules, as it were, at defiance. It was impossible to judge of him and his work in the same way that we judge of the work of other men. He did it in a different way because he was a different kind of person. We think of him as the minister and leader of a church, but his congregation from Sunday to Sunday for many years would seem to have scarcely averaged above a hundred or a hundred and fifty people. And yet on the other hand I believe he has been of greater actual influence on our city than any other minister or clergyman who has ever been in St. Louis. He was not the minister only for that hundred people who listened to him on Sunday morning. They seemed to be only one minor portion of his parish. I have met with people who never went to his church, who scarcely ever saw him personally, but they would seem to say in their language about him, "He is our minister." When the solemn day came, they would call him in to say the last words over their dead. He stood for them. He represented them. He was their church. I believe that we might say that at least a thousand families in our city looked to him in that way. What other man has ever held that kind of a position in St. Louis? It is something so peculiar as almost to be baffling and unexplainable. He did not know of this himself. We knew it because we could see it all the time. His presence seems to be a kind of a pillar in the city on whom hundreds, if not thousands, of people leaned, who scarcely ever came in contact with that presence. But they drew strength from the bare fact that he was there. That was enough for them. They believed in him, they looked up to him. He was their man. Their cause was

\*Address delivered to the Ethical Society of St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 7, 1894.



safe while he was at hand. They might go on about their business, doing their daily work, but they had the assurance that the something which they believed in and cared for, or felt they *ought* to believe in or care for, was represented by one man. They had a kind of sense of safety in it.

It has been said by those that loved him that it was within the walls of that little church that he exerted his influence. I hope they will pardon me in taking the contrary view; in assuming that what he did there was only a small portion, scarcely one-quarter of his work in St. Louis. That hundred people were not his church. Our city was his church, more than it has been the church of any other man I have known in St. Louis. He belonged to the city. He cared for its growth. He knew about it. He was interested in its institutions. I believe we owe the fact to him more than to any other man that within a few weeks we are to have a public library in St. Louis. We owe it to him more than any other man in our midst that so many thousands of persons in our city have come to believe that a man can be a true, noble man, whether he be orthodox or unorthodox, believer or unbeliever, so long as his aims have been true. He has been the one individual in St. Louis who has asserted that man could, and should, and must think for himself in order to be truly religious. It has been the weakness of the whole liberal movement in our country as well as in other countries that it had so few *men* to whom it could point with pride. It has had leaders, great thinkers, scholars, powerful characters, wonderful speakers, good reasoners. But the one thing it seemed to be lacking was *men*. Yet here was an instance to the contrary. This person did belong in the higher sense to the liberal movement. He stood ready to offer the hand of fellowship to the struggling soul in China or Japan or India or Africa though that soul had never heard of the Bible. He could say in his heart, "I am his brother."

He might have been atheist, as he was not; he might have been believer in Buddhism, as he was not; he might have belonged to the Hebrew faith, as he did not; he might have been an agnostic, as he was not; he might have been orthodox Christian, as he was not,—but all persons would have said just the same, "There is a man." And while he held out the hand of fellowship to Buddhist, Hebrew, Atheist, or Agnostic, those who could not feel the same spirit of sympathy still said of him, "There is a man." He made "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" *respected* in St. Louis. Alas that we appreciate so little what it meant to accomplish that one result.

The older I grow the less hope I have for the bare influence of ideas.

It may seem discouraging, but I cannot escape from the impression. There was a time when as a young man I believed with my whole soul in the dominant power of a thought. I had faith in truth's own power to conquer. That hope within me has been dying away. But another conviction has been taking its place which may or may not be encouraging to others. Human history does not seem to be changed mainly through ideas or principles. When on the other hand these ideas are connected with a great and true *personality*, then they triumph. Yet what triumphs is not the idea, but the personality. I doubt sometimes whether there ever will be any new thoughts given to the world. It has occurred to me that all the ideas which men will ever possess have already been expressed. They are incarnate in past literature. But with personality it is different. *There* we can anticipate an endlessly growing power. When that element is associated with a truth, it becomes an influence. This is why I have such a reverence for Mr. Learned.

He had grand thoughts, deep feelings, and yet those feelings and thoughts might have been uttered by some other man and not have had any kind of influence at all on this or any other community. We can listen to the utterance of a truth. We can read it in a book and it can pass through our minds without so much as leaving any consciousness of it or any recollection of it. Why? Because we are not interested in the man who tells it. But when that thought comes from a man who has deep personality it takes hold of our consciousness, roots itself there, and sometimes changes the whole course of our lives. That is what we call *religious* influence. It affects our motives and will-power, because along with the idea is imparted something of the other man's will-power and motive. It comes through his personality. This man had a way of leaving an impression upon you by the word he exchanged with you at the street corner. You went home feeling differently from what you did before. Those men are the *creators* in human history. Whatever comes from them is original with them. It is born out of their souls. There is little or no truth which ever comes to men in just one form. We all receive it differently. None of us ever think exactly alike. If two men utter what is considered the same thought to us, it will not come precisely as the same thought. It will have about it inevitably a tinge of the personality of the man who expresses it. It is not in the words he uses, but the impression we already have of him, which reacts on what he is saying and fixes the thought in our consciousness. The one hope for the future to me is in such personalities. Where they get their ideas from I do not care. Who inspired them or what stirred them is of small consequence.

But one man may be of more influence than ten thousand others who may be his equal intellectually, solely by that difference of character and personality.

You will perceive now what I mean in reference to the singular influence of this man who is gone from us. It explains why it was that his parish meant not one church but all St. Louis, why it was that he could have been speaking only to a hundred people every Sunday and still have been the leader of many thousands. The more I think of him, the more I lose faith in what is called "numbers." There are men who are writing books of which thousands of copies may be sold, and yet they will not in the end exert the influence which has come from this one man who never wrote a book and yet seemed so great and so strong. It was hard at first to appreciate the feeling which I met with in regard to him in other cities. We are accustomed to see the clergy gauged by the size of their churches, by their writings, the books they have published, the calls they have received elsewhere. This man wrote no books, did not have a large church, may have received no calls elsewhere,—and yet when I mentioned his name in other cities there was something peculiar, a kind of look of awe which came on the faces of the persons at the mention of his name. One clergyman in another large city said to me with a kind of reverence,—a man who has written books and is far more widely known,—"We all take off our caps to Learned." That is what I call *grandeur*. I wonder sometimes whether there is *grandeur* in anything else. Who cares for numbers and position and what men call "power" in contrast with an influence of this kind? It makes a man want to begin over again and try his life in a different way. It gives me a different measure of true success. What other kind of success after all is worth having? It is true now and then such an influence may also go with reputation and actual earthly power. But this is rare. Yet there is one parallel which has come to me again and again in the last few weeks; possibly it has come to others. Mr. Learned has seemed to me to have been to St. Louis what Phillips Brooks was to the United States,—not, however, as preacher, but as a *man*.

These two men each belonged to a church or a sect, and yet what has been said of the more widely known man is as true of the other. They seemed to belong still more to a kind of universal church. All classes of persons claimed them as theirs. I hope Mr. Learned's church will forgive me in saying that I do not think of him particularly as belonging to them. He was to me something broader than any sect. I cannot connect his personality with any denomination. He was more than anything else a disciple of Jesus, but to a degree he was a disciple of Buddha and



Confucius; he stood perfectly ready to call any one of them "Master."

Sometimes I have wished that he could have known of the influence he was exerting; that he could have appreciated what he stood for and how men leaned upon him who never went to hear him. He said once, I believe, in former years, that he would like, just for once, to see that little church crowded full on Sunday morning at one of the regular services. I do not know that he ever had the experience. It was half my wish that he could have been there the last time when the church was crowded full and the people took leave of his earthly form. Yet, as we know, outside of that solemn group of people, was an invisible church of a multitude who could not have entered those doors because there would have been so many of them,—children and grown people, men and women of all races and all churches, whom he had been kind to and who looked up to him as a great and good man.

We speak of his personality; it is hard to define what we mean by that word, because we are conscious of it more by feeling than by thought. Men knew of it by the way it helped them. That was all. He had a peculiar method, although it was not a method but an instinct with him. He always knew what *you* were thinking, what was happening in your life, but you very rarely knew what he was thinking or what was happening in *his* life. He asked you questions about yourself, but he never encouraged you to ask questions about himself. He did not seem to be interested in that subject. He let you talk, tell your story, what you were thinking about it, how it was going with you, but you never knew how it was going with *him* inside of *his* soul. He never talked about that. I have wondered whether he even thought about it. He seemed to keep perfectly still as to what was going on in his own consciousness. Sometimes when he would have been questioning me and letting me unburden myself I have turned upon him playfully and asked *him* something. But I would get no reply. He would come back with another question about myself. That was my only satisfaction. Only great and deep men can do that kind of thing. Only grand characters are capable of suppressing themselves, or rather of being unconscious of themselves in that way. As I have said, it did not seem to be a method with him. It was his nature. What a multitude of persons in our city have unburdened their hearts to him. How few ever thought of letting him unburden his heart to *them*. They never thought about it because he was so full of thinking of them that he forgot to think of himself.

I do not say, of course, that he was an absolutely perfect and complete man. By no manner of means. That would be effusive eulogy. He had his weak side and strong side, though

even upon that point men would differ. It always seemed to me, for example, that his nature or mind was not quite fully open to the great struggle and upheaval going on now in the understratum of society. He did not seem to comprehend the meaning of the great labor movement, at least in the way it impressed me. I used to wish he would see it and see the struggle himself in a different light. And yet now I am almost glad that he did not do so. It would have made him too perfect. I should have been afraid to go near him. There would have been something superhuman about him if he had had that other quality also. The very lack, as it seemed to me after a fashion, drew me nearer to him. It would have been almost painful if he had been absolutely complete. But he had grown up in a different way, under a different line of influence. He came of an early class of men who made themselves, and they had such sublime faith in human nature that they believed all men could do the same if they only *would*. That faith in human nature led him perhaps to have less appreciation of the weaknesses of the under class. It was a noble thing and gave his character dignity and power. It made him in the supreme sense of the word an individualist. But his individualism came not from lack of sympathy, but from what I looked upon as perhaps a mistaken faith in the capacities of human nature.

But, on the other hand, I never knew of a man who was so capable of closing his eyes to the weaknesses of his immediate fellows in order to help them. He dealt with us personally just as though we were his equals and were as strong as he was. He never let us see that he did recognize our weaknesses. In rare moments I have discovered it in a sudden twinkle of the eye which he could not quite control. It is a power most rare and unusual,—the quality which more than anything else, perhaps, gave him his influence over the men with whom he was thrown most in contact. They somehow had the feeling that he always recognized what was in them. But it does take grandeur of character to be able to deal with human nature as though it had no weaknesses, when we know those weaknesses are there. He was one of the few men who had that power. He never let us know what he was thinking of us. He only gave us the impression that he had faith in us. It was that support which helped to make us stronger. We did not think of this when he was alive; but I believe it comes home to us now, to everyone of us who knew him.

I do not say that he was only a great personality, although that would have been enough in itself to have endowed him with grandeur. When I first knew him he impressed me as one of those highly cultivated men of rare education who have had

unusual opportunities of study and travel, such as we would expect perhaps from the graduates of Oxford, in England. There seemed to be culture about his every movement and word and influence. He was an intellectual man. He did love thought and thinking. I remember the shock it gave me when he told me that he had not even been to college. It made me wish that I, too, had never been to college if I could be that kind of a man and exert that kind of an influence. There is something subtle and deep in that culture. It is of a kind which is becoming rarer and rarer. There will be little or none of it in the next century. It would be useless to try to get it in that way. You must be that kind of a man in the first place in order to be able to acquire culture in that fashion. Most men who seek it in a self-made form blunder at it, and you recognize the self-made element everywhere. He seemed to blend the qualities of a finished training and education along with the qualities of the self-made man. In this regard also I know of no other example of that kind; a man who could seem to have come from Oxford and never have had any kind of collegiate education at all! He is said to have regretted the fact. I think most of us who knew him would have regretted it still more if he had had it. We were contented with him in that respect as he was, and asked for no finer or higher form of culture. In this respect he seemed to be every year of his life a growing man.

Mr. Learned to me more than any other man resembled our own great Ralph Waldo Emerson. Again and again the two men have come to my mind at the same time. I never saw Emerson, though I have a very vivid impression of him. They seem to me to be very much alike. There was the same calm, sweet, gentle, lofty, peculiar simplicity about them; there was the same exquisite modesty and reserve in reference to themselves; there was the same intense sympathy with new thought and broader views of the world; there was the same disposition to let their ideas speak for themselves and refuse to make any effort to push their own personalities forward; there was the same sober fearlessness; the same aspiration for freedom of thinking; they were both intense individualists; they were each devoutly religious, yet each shrank from pronouncing the name of God too often lest they should weaken or mar its grandeur. They were each reverent without form. They would have each walked straight into the fiery furnace if loyalty to their convictions had required it of them,—and yet on the surface they were each apparently unaggressive.

But there was one great difference. Emerson, after all that can be said for and about him, seems to have been rather a cold man. Mr. Learned



could be intellectual, and yet at the same time could be tender, oh, so tender! It was such a rare combination. Sometimes I have wondered what he would have been or done if he had had the thing we call "ambition," or if he had been able and disposed to push forward and be the leader. But all we can say is that without having pushed forward or had the thing we call "ambition" he was a leader. He and Emerson are the two men I fall back upon and lean upon for strength when I want hope and encouragement. They give me the assurance that we have had at least two persons who could be ideal men and yet think for themselves. There has been plenty of thinking for one's self, but, alas, so little of ideal manhood. This kind of a leadership can live and stay just the same after the presence of the man is gone from the earth. It does not require a lasting stay in this world. We only need to have had it so long that it shall have made one fixed expression. After that, it is indelible. Mr. Learned will be for me as much of a living force twenty years from now as he is to-day. An example is an example and absolutely never dies. A thought is far more liable to perish from the earth than the influence of one true personality.

It makes me look with less dread upon death even for those who are near and dear to us. Life is more deep, more grand, because it is short and comes to an end on earth. If it were not for death I do not think most of us would care to live. We should tire of existence itself. But the shortness of it all makes our thought of it intense and the fact of it precious. We want to crowd in it all that we truly can, to make of those sixty years as much as if we had six thousand. And I venture to say that if we had six thousand we should do less than if we had sixty. There is no true gauge or measurement as to what would be the right length of life, but the close of its days gives it a grand religious solemnity. It makes us pause and think, though it need not fill us with dread or dismay. As each man goes on in years he comes to realize how close together are life and death; how much they seem to belong together; how little of awfulness or terror there is about death. The time will come in the future when we shall take away those trappings of woe. We shall no longer read those mournful lines at the graves of men about the shortness and worthlessness of life. The black of mourning will be replaced by the pristine whiteness of simplicity and purity. We shall come to look upon death just as though we were lying down to sleep at the night, with the same calmness and composure, though we knew that we were not to waken upon earth again in the morning. We shrink from losing existence here, of having our presence or influence pass away, but we make the mistake in realizing

that the determining fact is not length of life but the amount of personality we have developed and the influence we have been able to exert. When a personality becomes vivid, intense and strong it will leave such an indelible impression behind it that it will seem incapable of death, and men will feel as though it were left here although without bodily presence.

The passion of his nature was to get at God through *rational conceptions*. He was "God-intoxicated," like Spinoza and Emerson, but like them he was intensely, wholly rationalist, believing that all the deepest and best religious facts and truths could be discovered directly by the human mind. If ever his eye gleamed it was in telling of some one who was as it were beginning over again in shaking off anything like absolute authority over belief. It was in his method that he was so radical, not in his actual beliefs. There was something awe-inspiring in his fearlessness. I think if he had wanted to say anything in his pulpit on Sunday he would have said it, though he knew every person would rise and leave the church. "Whatever was rational was right" was the basis of his whole intellectual position. This trust in *mind* led him to think little of form and ceremony. On that side he was cold. The bare truth had warmth enough for him.

I do not say that he accomplished the main purpose of his life. No, that could not be. It would have been impossible. Men with his aims never accomplish their purposes, because the purposes have aimed so deep and so high. He was conscious of the fact that he could not achieve what he wanted to accomplish. It left a touch of sadness on his nature just as it leaves a touch of sadness on all such natures with such aims. They can never be quite buoyant and gay like the rest of the world, because they are all the time so conscious how far away from the ideal is this human world. He wanted to make men care for the things he cared for, to be interested in those supreme objects we call "religious." That was his one great ambition. He cared more for that than to simply set men's minds free from superstition or to give more enlightenment. He wanted to stir mankind and urge them on toward religious culture. The sorrow of all deep natures was his sorrow. But though it affected his spirit it never bent his will. He worked loyally, steadily, courageously, to the end. If he could not accomplish in one lifetime what we know can only be realized in ten thousand years, he would still do what little he could toward realizing that last great day. The imperfect success of the religious teacher is more sublime than the most complete success of the worldling. These spiritual natures are few and come seldom. But they make us think what we are here for, whenever we

think of them. We often wonder why such men do not change other people more. But we forget how much we and others have been changed by them already without knowing it. If he had made everybody like himself then they would all have gone forward as missionaries in the same field of labor. When that kind of a man has lived his real mission work often mainly begins after he has passed away. Then comes the unconscious influence of the past. It builds and rebuilds. And so it will be with Mr. Learned. Here was a man who did have a great, great personality. He exerted a deep, deep influence. When we think of him we do want to live. It does not make us want to have a longer life, but it makes us want to be something more, *to be somebody*. We, too, would like to have that kind of personality, and to leave such an indelible impression. We shall care less and less as we think of it about the outward expression. We shall have a different gauge of success. We shall think less of numbers and of position, but we shall have more faith in life and think life more worth living.

There is something intensely sad in the fact that we fail to appreciate men and grasp their influence until after they are gone. We think to ourselves, "Oh, if they only could come back again, so that we could tell them at least how we now value them." But the experience is old as history. We see men and lives in true perspective only when their bodily presence is gone from earth and the memory is left with us. Then it all comes back complete,—not this thing, nor that thing, or the other thing, but everything. The little thing does not look great and the great little, as was the case when they were alive. We seem to see them now as they are. There is something sad about this, but it has its consolation.

I believe it was Plato who first conceived that sublime trinity, "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good." Once or twice or three times in our lives we meet a man who seems to illustrate that conception of Plato; to be the most complete example of its kind. Now and then we have the feeling at first, and later on we are disappointed and it dies away. But it is strengthening and inspiring if we can meet with such a man and he continues to hold that position for us. I did have this experience in the case of Mr. Learned. He more than any other was my idea of the true, the beautiful and the good. I felt that at the beginning. I feel it more to-day than on the first day we met. And so it is to me as though I had him with me still, even to the fact of his personality.

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" is what we say over the dead,—but the spirit *unto us*, for whom he lived and worked and died. Unto us the spirit, though unto earth the ashes.



Though dead, not dead.  
Though gone, not fled.  
In the great gospel and true creed  
He is yet risen indeed.  
He is yet risen.

Ashes to ashes and dust unto dust,  
of the earth,—but the *spirit* unto us,  
the personality still left in our  
hearts, the force of character with  
us yet, and with the race of man for  
whom it lived, for whom it worked  
and on whom it has left an indelible  
though unrecorded impression, down  
to the end of all human history.

## The Study Table

### A New Poet.\*

Not a few of us, perhaps, have now  
and then seen the name of Charlotte  
Perkins Stetson in a newspaper or  
magazine at the end of some bright  
verses or clear prose comment on  
men and things, but we believe that  
the little volume which lies before us  
is the first clear intimation that under  
the bright skies of California and  
amid the changing scenes, the glory  
and the squalor of life on the Pacific  
coast, there is ripening a strong,  
bright, earnest soul with the poet-  
fervor in her heart, and what is rarer,  
the power of poetic expression. Although  
there is extremely little distinct local  
color in the poems before us, there is a  
flavor of the time and place in which  
they were written which leads us to think  
that Mrs. Stetson may yet be recognized  
as our American poet,—but if this be so,  
it is because the *cosmopolitan* spirit is  
the first fruit of our highest national  
character. For Mrs. Stetson's spirit is  
eminently cosmic.

We may not speak at as great  
length as we would of the charm and  
freshness, the humor and the pathos,  
the wit and wisdom, that are to be  
found in this little volume. And al-  
ways the command of language is so  
full and the rhythm so free that we  
find it hard to realize that these  
songs of life were *made*, they seem to  
have sung themselves. Alike to the  
lover of music and to the lover of  
mankind, we commend this collection  
of poems in perfect confidence that  
they will heartily thank us for draw-  
ing their attention to these verses.

Those who have read Ralph Iron's  
writings will recognize a certain sym-  
pathy of thought between our author  
and Olive Schreiner; but it seems to  
us that Mrs. Stetson has a healthier,  
a sounder philosophy of life. Although  
she has evidently felt deeply the sor-  
rows of life, and is strong in her  
denunciation of the wrong that is,  
and cutting in her satire upon the  
follies we hug so fondly to our souls,  
yet she is blessed with a larger vision  
than is common, a deeper insight into  
the unity of all that is; and this as-  
suredness of the oneness of all being  
enables her to take up into her own  
life the strength and light and beauty  
of the universe, so that in the

darkest hour she is not driven to de-  
spair, but only to work the harder  
for a fuller realization of life than  
man has yet attained.

We should be glad to exhibit in  
detail her wit and sarcasm, her dis-  
criminating grasp of what we call  
the woman question,—but we must  
content ourselves with one poem from  
each of the three divisions into  
which her volume, "In this Our  
World," is divided, viz.: The World,  
Woman, Our Human Kind.

Our first selection, illustrative of  
the author's wit and sarcasm, rather  
than of poetic power, is from the last  
division, and is entitled:—

#### SIMILAR CASES.

There was once a little animal,

No bigger than a fox,  
And on five toes he scampered  
Over tertiary rocks.

They called him Eohippus,  
And they called him very small,  
And they thought him of no value—  
When they thought of him at all.

For the lumpy Dinoceras  
And Coryphodont so slow  
Were the heavy aristocracy  
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,  
"I am going to be a horse!  
And on my middle finger-nails  
To run my earthly course!  
I'm going to have a flowing tail!  
I'm going to have a mane!  
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high  
On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodont was horrified,  
The Dinoceras was shocked;  
And they chased young Eohippus,  
But he skipped away and mocked.

Then they laughed enormous laughter,  
And they groaned enormous groans,  
And they bade young Eohippus  
Go and view his father's bones.  
Said they: "You always were as small  
And mean as now we see,  
And therefore it is evident  
That you're always going to be!"

"What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast  
With hoofs to gallop on!  
Why, you'd have to change your nature!"  
Said the Toxolophodon.  
They considered him disposed of,  
And retired with gait serene—  
That was the way they argued  
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,  
Far smarter than the rest,  
And every thing that they could do  
He always did the best;  
So they naturally disliked him,  
And they gave him shoulders cool,  
And when they had to mention him,  
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day:  
"I'm going to be a man!  
And stand upright and hunt and fight  
And conquer all I can!  
I'm going to cut down forest trees  
To make my houses higher!  
I'm going to kill the mastodon!  
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes  
With laughter wild and gay;  
Then tried to catch that boastful one,  
But he always got away.  
So they yelled at him in chorus,  
Which he minded not a whit;  
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,  
Which didn't seem to hit.

And then they gave him reasons,  
Which they thought of much avail,

To prove how his preposterous  
Attempt was sure to fail.  
Said the sages: "In the first place,  
The thing cannot be done!  
And second, if it *could* be,  
It would not be any fun!"

"And third, and most conclusive,  
And admitting no reply,  
*You would have to change your nature!*  
We should like to see you try!"  
They chuckled then triumphantly,  
These lean and hairy shapes,  
For these things passed as arguments,  
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic man,  
An enterprising wight,  
Who made his chopping instruments  
Unusually bright.  
Unusually clever he,  
Unusually brave,  
And he drew delightful mammoths  
On the borders of his cave.  
To his Neolithic neighbors,  
Who were startled and surprised,  
Said he: "My friends, in course of time,  
We shall be civilized!"

"We are going to live in cities!  
We are going to fight in wars!  
We are going to eat three times a day,  
Without the natural cause!  
We are going to turn life upside down  
About a thing called gold!  
We are going to want the earth, and take  
As much as we can hold!  
We are going to wear great piles of stuff  
Outside our proper skins;  
We are going to have Diseases!  
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

They all rose up in fury  
Against this boastful friend;  
For prehistoric patience  
Cometh quickly to an end.  
Said one: "This is chimerical!  
Utopian! Absurd!"  
Said another: "What a stupid life!  
Too dull, upon my word!"  
Cried all: "Before such things can come,  
You idiotic child,  
*You must alter Human Nature!*"  
And they all sat back and smiled.

Thought they: "An answer to that last  
It will be hard to find!"  
It was a clinching argument  
To the Neolithic Mind!

Our second selection is the third  
poem in the book:

#### A COMMON INFERENCE.

A night: mysterious, tender, quiet, deep;  
Heavy with flowers; full of life asleep;  
Thrilling with insect voices; thick with stars;  
No clouds between the dewdrops and red Mars;  
The small earth whirling softly on her way;  
The moonbeams and the waterfalls at play;  
A million million worlds that move in peace;  
A million mighty laws that never cease;—  
And one small ant heap, hidden by small weeds,  
Rich with eggs, slaves, and store of millet seeds.  
They sleep beneath the sod  
And trust in God.

A day: all glorious, royal, blazing, bright;  
Radiant with flowers, full of life and light;  
Great fields of corn and sunshine; courteous  
trees,  
Snow-sainted mountains; earth-embracing  
seas;  
Wide golden deserts; slender silver streams;  
Clear rainbows where the tossing fountain  
gleams;  
And everywhere in happiness and peace  
A million forms of life that never cease;—  
And one small ant heap, crushed by passing  
tread,  
Hath scarce enough alive to mourn the dead!  
They shriek beneath the sod,  
"There is no God!"

\*IN THIS OUR WORLD. Poems by Charlotte  
Perkins Stetson. Oakland, Cal.: McCombs &  
Vaughn. Paper, 16mo, pp. 120. 25 cents.



Our last selection is from the part entitled Woman:

MOTHER TO CHILD.

How best can I serve thee, my child, my child!  
Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart!  
Once thou wast within me—I held thee. I fed thee—

By the force of my loving and longing I led thee—

Now we are apart!

I may blind thee with kisses and crush with embracing,

Thy warm mouth in my neck and our arms interlacing,

But here in my body my soul liv's alone  
And thou answerest me from a house of thine own—

That house which I builded!

Which we builded together, thy father and I!  
In which thou must live, O my darling, and die!

Not one stone can I alter, no atom relay—  
Not to save, or defend thee or help thee to stay—

That gift is completed!

How best can I serve thee! O child, if they knew

How my heart aches with loving! How deep and how true,

How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,

How longing for good and how fearful of wrong

Is the love of thy mother!

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, overflow thee

With fame and with power till the whole world should know thee,

With wisdom and genius to hold the world still,

To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain, at thy will,—

Still—thou mightst not be happy!

Such have lived—and in sorrow! The greater the mind

The wider and deeper the grief it can find.

The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel

The keen stings that a lifetime is sure to reveal!

O my child! must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thine from pain?

Is the love of a mother no possible gain?

No labor of Hercules—search for the Grail—

No way for this wonderful love to avail?

God in Heaven—O teach me!

My prayer has been answered. The pain thou must bear

Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share.

Thou art one with the world—though I love thee the best:

And to save thee from pain I must save all the rest—

Well—with God's help I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest. I must love thee in them!

Thou wilt sin with the rest—and thy mother must stem

The world's sin. Thou wilt weep—and thy mother must dry

The tears of the world lest her darling should cry.

I will do it—God helping!

And I stand not alone. I will gather a band  
Of all loving mothers from land unto land—

Our children are part of the world! Do ye hear?

They are one with the world—we must hold them all dear!

Love all for the child's sake!

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save  
All the children on earth from the jail and the grave.

For so and so only I lighten the share  
Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear—

Even so, and so only!

The book deserves a better setting than the ridiculously cheap (25 cents) paper binding in which it is put upon the market. The proof-reading is not what it should be. Its form indicates, we think, that the author has published the book herself, and that she could not afford to give it a handsomer form. If this be true, it is doubtless because she hoped to get for herself the profit that so often goes to the publisher; and we hope that the lovers of verse who delight in and would encourage the words and thought of a high-hearted, gifted fellow-being will do their part toward enabling her to put her work before the world in a more worthy form. F. W. S.

Athelwold.

Athelwold. By Amelie Rives. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 117. \$1.00.

This volume almost makes us wish that Mrs. Chanler would devote herself to dramatic poetry to the exclusion of other forms of literary work. Her handling of blank verse is skillful, and as a whole the volume presents more of the graces and fewer of the faults of her characteristic style. The story told is of the undoing of Athelwold, the noble Thane of Edward, through beauty of woman, and love and kisses. The text is full of pith, and bristles with epigrams, many of which deserve to last. The work would be fully as strong and more acceptable to most readers if there were less of the long-drawn, sensuous kiss, which seems to be a sort of trade-mark—or birth-mark—of all of Mrs. Chanler's work.

G. B. P.

The Magazines.

THE NON-SECTARIAN for January is a Jesus number, three out of the four original contributions of which it consists being specifically devoted to the man of Nazareth. The other is Merwin-Marie Snell's "Rome's Opportunity," in which he expressed the hope that the Papal Encyclical would take a broad view of Biblical criticism. The most important article, as it seems to us, is Rabbi Sale's "Who Is to Blame for the Crucifixion of Jesus?" in which he takes the ground that it was done by the Sadducees and the Romans, and that the Pharisees, who were most representative of the Jews of the time, were the friends of Jesus and the Christians and largely in agreement with them, although they did not regard the former as the Messiah. Whether or not Rabbi Sale is correct in every detail of his argument, his suggestion that it would be well to read the New Testament with a rabbinical commentary is, to say the least, a reasonable one, and there can be no doubt in the mind of any fair-minded

student that the ethical teaching of Jesus was not a new thing under the sun, but was in substantial agreement with the best Jewish thought of his day. Most of those of us who have been brought up under Christian influences are still far from doing justice to the Jew of the first century, and it would be well for us if more such articles as this of Rabbi Sale's found their way to our reading tables.

TO THE FORUM Hon. David A. Wells contributes what is entitled, "The Teaching of Recent Economic Experience," in which he "lets himself go," and apparently gives vent to long pent-up disapproval of the methods and institutions of his native land. Universal suffrage seems to him a mistake. Rev. G. M. Royce discusses "The Decline of the American Pulpit," a title which seems to us to convey an untruth. Jacob A. Ries has "A Christmas Reminder of the Noblest Work in the World." Among the other contributions it is perhaps hardly necessary to state that there is a symposium on Foot-ball—from the standpoints of the physician and the educator.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January contains as its most noteworthy features (from our standpoint), "Ten Letters from Coleridge to Southey;" the discussion of an interesting topic, in "The Transmission of Learning Through the University," by Prof. Shaler; a sketch of General Armstrong, by J. H. Denison; and the first installment of Mrs. Deland's "Philip and His Wife," a story which, unlike "John Ward, Preacher," seems to be devoted to picturing the manifestation of selfishness in the conjugal state.

IN THE ARENA for January Hamlin Garland's discussion of "The Land Question and Its Relations to Art and Literature," which was originally delivered before the Actor's Order of Friendship in New York City, shows that this talented man can argue ably as well as describe vividly,—his exposition of the wide-reaching evil resulting from private land ownership being one of the most telling that has been put forth up to date.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE DISTINCTIVE MESSAGE OF THE OLD RELIGIONS. Rev. George Matheson, F. R. S.E. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1892. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 342.

THE DOGS AND THE FLEAS. By One of the Dogs. Illustrated. Chicago: Douglas McCullum. Paper, 12mo, pp. 273.

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## The Home

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God's hours are never late.

MON.—All lost things are in the angels' keeping.

TUES.—Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?

WED.—My share!

The right to find in loss the surest gain.

THURS.—The common air has generous wings,

Songs make their way.

FRI.—God's sons come nearer and more near.

SAT.—Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease; I must arise.

*Helen Hunt.*

### Climbing.

While we climb from day to day,

There is many a little way

We can help each other upward, if we will;

For the paths are rough and steep,

And the right one hard to keep,

So let's try to help each other up the hill.

When we find temptation's rocks

In our path as stumbling blocks,

Let's not roll them in another fellow's way;

But, instead, let's always try

Help the others pass them by,

And to make it smoother climbing every day.

—Mrs. J. M. Ingersoll, in *Boys' Songs*.

### Practical Benevolence.

A few winters ago little Benny Blank entered our schoolroom, and by his peculiar appearance attracted the attention of several of the teachers and elder boys who stood together in a friendly group, waiting the time for commencing the afternoon's duties.

It was no unusual thing to meet with children whose new dresses were made out of old ones, or the cut of whose garments bore evidence of originality of style and strange mingling of material; but Benny's suit was different from anything the group had looked upon before. His jacket, which served the father on week days and the son on Sundays, was made of moleskin, well stiffened with oil and dirt from the workshop, the sleeves being shortened to the length of Benny's arms by rolling them up. It reached below his knees, and was buttoned down before, to keep it in place as much as possible. But the space for the neck was rather wider than Benny's neck and one shoulder together, so that when the lad lodged the jacket on the right shoulder it was off the left, and when lodged on the left it was off the right. This inadaptability kept

the little fellow in perpetual motion. His nether garments were tattered and spare, his legs without stockings, and his feet dodging in and out of a pair of old bluchers which corresponded in size with the jacket, and no doubt had to accompany that article both on week days and Sundays.

Our little friend, who was nine years old, carried above these symbols of poverty a most cheerful, interesting countenance, which, brightening up during the time he was questioned by the superintendent, bespoke the kind sympathies of those that were near.

To Benny's young heart the delights of the Sabbath-school were a new joy, and this first taste of its blessings created so strong a desire for more, that the most inclement weather did not keep him away from the class of that kind-hearted teacher who strove to win him for Christ.

It was in the depth of the severe winter alluded to, and on a Sunday, when the very few who braved the storm had to endure the unpleasantness of cold, drizzling snow and sleet from above, and deep, slushy mire from below, that a class of boys placed in the hands of their teacher a few shillings, with a respectful request that he would save it until they could make up a sufficient sum to buy Benny a suit of clothes. Of this kindly feeling working among the boys the superintendent was quite unaware, but it so happened that his address on that afternoon was on "Practical Benevolence;" and to his surprise, at the close of the school, several boys came to him from different classes saying they should be glad to do something for Benny. One proffered money, another would purchase a jacket, another a cap; and this was done without one class previously knowing anything of the intentions of the others. The boy's need, the weather, and the address had all so operated on their good nature that they could wait no longer, but must perform the kind deed at once. Then and there—that afternoon—there was a growth of benevolence ready to be gathered that cheered the hearts of the witnesses of this little incident, and was an offering acceptable to God, who loveth a cheerful giver.

On the following Sunday morning the first to greet me at school was my little friend Benny, who said: "Teacher, I've got some new clothes," and putting up first one foot and then the other, "see my new shoes." I said, "Now, Benny, how has all this come about?"

"Why, teacher called at our house during the week, and he told mother the boys in the school had given him some money towards buying me some new clothes, and he had brought two of his old coats to give her to make me a jacket; and I said, 'Mother, those coats will just fit father, I know;' and when father tried them on they did. And mother told teacher she had been saving some

money to buy father a reach-me-down, and she thought he had better have teacher's coats, then he would have two, and she would buy me a new jacket instead. Then she asked teacher for the money the boys had sent; but he said, 'No; I will go with you to lay out the boys' money, and you can do what you like with your own.' So we all three went together, and mother and teacher bought the jacket and trousers, and teacher gave seven shillings for the shoes, and he gave me the stockings and the handkerchief, and one of the boys gave me the cap."

I said, "Benny, I have no doubt you feel very thankful to the boys for this kindness, and you must tell them so."

"Please, teacher, you tell them: I can't tell them well enough." It was quite evident he felt more than he could express.

It was my turn to give the afternoon's address, in the doing of which I tried my best to express Benny's thanks to the kind-hearted friends who had so seasonably clothed him; but my words were nothing near so forcible as Benny's look of gratitude. He felt it—he showed it, while goodness beamed in every countenance at this outcome of benevolence. All were happier for this act of kindness. They who had so cheerfully given, and he who had so thankfully received, were truly blessed in their deed.

—*Youth's Magazine*.

### The Reason Why.

"When I was at the party,"

Said Betty (aged just four),

"A little girl fell off her chair,

Right down upon the floor;

And all the other little girls

Began to laugh, but me,—

I did n't laugh a single bit,"

Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,

Full of delight to find

That Betty—bless her little heart!—

Had been so sweetly kind;

"Why didn't you laugh, darling?

Or don't you like to tell?"

"I did n't laugh," said Betty,

"Cause it was me that fell!"

—*Scattered Seeds*.

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## The Sunday School

### THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

#### The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

#### Lesson XIX.

#### THE CHURCH IS THE BODY OF THE CHRIST.

Acts iv. 32-v. 11.

*When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead.*

—Whittier.

*"I would have a woman as true as  
Death. At the first real lie which works  
from the heart outward, she should be  
tenderly chloroformed into a better world."*

—Holmes.

Picture: The Death of Ananias, by Raffael.

The story of the picture is told in the lesson passage. We shall make use of it to illustrate certain characteristics of the early church.

What was an early ideal of the church?—The church was viewed as only an enlargement of the apostolic band, which, because of the unseen presence still with it and its animation by the spirit that was in Jesus, was called the body of Christ.

One ideal of the Church, found in the New Testament, holds it to be the body of the Christ; the Christ had become incarnate first in Jesus and afterward in the Church. What Jesus did in the world, that the church must do. Its power and its responsibilities were identical with his. "As thou didst send me into the world, even so sent I them into the world!" (John xvii. 18). The Church, according to this idea, is the continuation of the life of Jesus in the world, completing his thought, carrying on his work: it is the reincarnation of the Christ spirit.

Even when this idea had not arisen, the enlarging Church was only the extension of the apostolic company seeking to observe the same manner of life as while Jesus was present in the flesh. He was still with them, though unseen, and all that was done was "in the name of the Lord Jesus" and by his power. With all its narrowness and hide-bound Judaism (of which more subsequently) the Church had a noble idealism in which lay its vitality. Our key to a right understanding of the history of the Jerusalem Church, not to speak of the churches established outside of Palestine, is full recognition of the fact that it was regarded as simply an enlargement of the apostolic company, with Jesus still in the midst.

What were some characteristics of the early church?—As befitting the body of the Christ, it was a church of equality, brotherly honor, purity and power.

(1) *The Church of Equality.* One of the most striking features of the church is its pure democracy. When a successor was to be chosen to Judas, the traitor, he was picked out by lot from

two men selected by the entire company (Acts i. 15-26). When "deacons" were to be chosen, it was the whole multitude that chose the seven and brought them before the Apostles for formal recognition by the laying on of hands. Upon the Day of Pentecost, "not on one favored forehead fell" the flame of spiritual power, but upon each of the disciples sat a tongue of fire parting from the central flame in fulfillment, it is said, of the ancient promise, "I will pour forth of my spirit upon all flesh" (Acts ii. 1-21). All the disciples were kings and all were priests. The law of Jesus, "He that is greatest among you shall be servant of all," is the soul principle of democracy. There is not a hint of the primacy of Peter; at first, by virtue of his character, he took the lead, but after his baptism of Cornelius he seems to have fallen into disfavor. The Apostles are naturally the leading men in the growing community, but we soon find *presbyters* in existence (Acts xi. 30) who were probably chosen by the entire company of believers and corresponded closely to the modern parish committee. The early church was inspired by the democratic ideal.

(2) *The Church of Brotherly Honor.* There was but one purse among the Apostles while Jesus was with them, and consequently that ideal was recognized, although not fully, by the growing church. Hence we find what looks like a communistic church: the disciples put their possessions into a common fund from which all are supplied alike. But concerning this, four points are to be noted.

(a) It was voluntary and not required. This appears very clearly in the passage set for our study (cf. v. 4). Moreover, Mary, the mother of Mark, kept her home in Jerusalem (Acts. xii. 12).

(b) It was local and not universal. There is no evidence that communism prevailed anywhere except in Jerusalem. Paul did teach that whatever a disciple owned he held in trust for God, to minister to those in need, but he *held it*. Contributions are laid by on the first day of the week (1 Cor. xvi. 2); and in Thessalonica, Corinth and Ephesus Paul worked with his own hands to earn a livelihood, that no one might charge him with making his preaching a way of gain (1 Thess. ii. 9; 1 Cor. ix. 12-18; 2 Cor. xi. 9; Acts xx. 34).

(c) It proved a dismal failure in Jerusalem. One of the requirements laid down by the Council at Jerusalem was that the Gentile Christians should remember the poor (Gal. ii. 10). Particularly on the third missionary journey we find Paul solicitous for the impoverished disciples at Jerusalem, for whom he was making collections in the churches of Galatia, Macedonia, and Greece. Communism that is not self-supporting is of course a failure.

(d) It was based upon a false belief in the imminent second advent of Jesus. Why should men hold private property, or count it of any value, when Jesus was so soon to return for the purpose of establishing a kingdom of surpassing glory, in which all of the disciples who had given up houses and lands should be more than repaid for their sacrifices? Besides, there was a quick sympathy with those in need—which was so conspicuous in Jesus himself.

Thus the church was a church of brotherly honor: each man trusted his

brother and counted his possessions as the common property of all.

(3) *The Church of Purity.* One of the very earliest glimpses of the church that we get from a non-Christian author is in a letter written by Pliny, governor of the Roman province of Pontus-Bithynia, about 112 A. D., to the Emperor Trajan asking instructions about the proper treatment of the Christians who had become so numerous in his province that the temples were deserted, the sacred rites neglected, and certain occupations connected with sacrifices had become unprofitable. In this letter he says that, as he had learned, "The Christians were accustomed to meet on a stated day before light and to sing responsively (?) a hymn to Christ as to a God, and to bind themselves by an oath not indeed for the commission of any crime, but to do no theft, robbery or adultery, not to break faith or refuse to return a deposit when called upon." (Cf. also The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles; The Epistle of Barnabas §§ 18, 19, Ep. to Diognetus §§ 5, 6.) This loftiness of ethical living was one of the best inheritances of the church from the nation in which it arose. The prophets of Israel had taught, as their chief message, the supremacy of righteousness. The picture which we have to-day discloses the strict ethical standard of the primitive church. Ananias had sought to get credit for giving the full price of his possession while he was keeping back part: he had violated the principle of honor among brethren; at the question of Peter he had put his acted lie into words, and the punishment of death came upon him as afterwards for the same offense upon his wife Sapphira. Whether or not the story be true to the fact concerns us very little, there may have been a basis of fact upon which the legend was reared, but the story has far outspread its foundations: what is of importance is the fact that *this story was told and believed in the church*. The very existence of the legend testifies to the ethical sentiment of the church which found nothing incredible in the statement that upon so trivial an offense (as it seems to us) so fearful a retribution followed.

(4) *The Church of Power.* Jesus had no power that was not the property of the church also. The disciples could do miracles of healing and of judgment because he could. All power was theirs because all power had been given over to him. We can hardly overestimate the effect of this belief upon the Christians: it prompted them to undertake tasks from which ordinary men would shrink, it filled them with enthusiastic daring and steadfast endurance. Because they *believed themselves* aided by supernatural power they were strong to undertake and to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

In these distinguishing marks of the church are the signs of its future success. The world had need of a purer ethical standard, based upon the brotherhood of all men, touched with the idealism of an unseen helper, aglow with the hope of a victorious future and presented by men who felt themselves commissioned by God and endowed with supernatural guidance and aid. But as in these characteristics the church was heir to prophetic Israel, so it was not without the heritage of legalism. Before the true Israel of the prophets, of whom Jesus was chief, could be carried to the world, the



church had to escape from the body of its death, which was legalism. In our next lesson we shall study the process by which the deliverance was brought about.

#### Questions.

*The Picture.*—Tell the story as it is given in the Acts of the Apostles. How many Apostles are represented here? Were there any others? Do you suppose that the story is true to fact? Is it true to the sentiment of the church?

*The Ideal of the Church.*—"The church is the body of the Christ." What did Paul really mean by this thought? Is the church to-day animated by the spirit that was in Jesus? "To be a Christian, one must be a Christ." Is this true? What is the church and what is it for?

*The Characteristics of the Church.*—Gibbon (Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xv.) mentions five causes for the success of the Christian church; (1) The zeal of the Christians. (2) The doctrine of a future life. (3) Miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church. (4) The pure and austere morals of the Christians. (5) The union and discipline of the Christian republic. How are these illustrated in our lesson to-day?

#### Sunday School Items.

##### WHAT TO TELL THE CHILDREN ABOUT THE BIBLE LEGENDS.

This is the title of Unity Short Tract, No. 29. It is by the wise and witty editor of the *Christian Register*, Rev. S. J. Barrows, and it is so well appreciated by the public that a new edition has been found necessary. Mr. Barrows' advice to parents is to give the children other stories to compare with the Bible stories and show them that such stories are natural growths of the human mind in early times, and that their truth does not affect the truth of religion. We quite agree with this view. It is exactly the view of the little book called "Beginnings," in which every Bible story taken up has three or four similar stories placed beside it, and then the common origin of all of the stories is pointed out in the attempt of early man to understand this world. All of our Sunday-school teachers and all parents who are puzzled by this subject will find the right precepts laid down in this tract.

"GOD NEED N'T BE SO SCARED OF HIS SELF."

Here is a Sunday-school story that may not be very "goodie-goodie," but is certainly true to life and has a moral for us. It comes from the South, as its language shows. A lady had a very naughty little girl who behaved so badly at Sunday school that her mother threatened not to let her go at all if she did not behave better. Whereupon she retorted: "God need n't be so scared of his self; I don't like his old Sunday school, no how." I suspect God has been too "scared of his self" in a great many of our schools. If we would only contrive to interest the little ones we should have no trouble

with their behavior, and they would like God and "his old Sunday school." The kindergarten methods would make their Sunday school the happiest hour of the day. And the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston has issued a manual to help our teachers to use these methods. The name of the book is *Childhood's Morning*, and it is prepared by Mrs. E. G. Mumford.

#### Notes from the Field

**Chicago.**—THIRD CHURCH.—A very pleasant company sat down to the well-filled tables in the vestry of the Third Church at its annual meeting Monday evening. And the reports that followed were as refreshing as the more material food. The Minister read his eleventh annual report, outlining in a simple, modest way the many-sided work of a city minister. That was succeeded by the Treasurer's report of something over \$4,000 raised and spent, with a slight but satisfactory balance on the right side. Then came the report of the Sunday School Superintendent, Mrs. West, who noted among other things the long distances many of the pupils came, and who recommended *Every Other Sunday* as most useful and interesting. The school is growing, having increased fifteen per cent. this year. The Ladies' Aid Society is also increasing in attendance and in good works. But the King's Daughters had the most wonderful report of work done, of which only one small incidental item was 1,300 bouquets made and distributed during the vacation.

Hon. John A. Roche, who has recently moved from the West Side, presented his resignation, which was read and accepted, and Mr. A. M. Lewis was elected to fill his place. J. M. Wanzer and H. D. Hatch were re-elected as trustees for the next two years, and Mr. Marshall was also re-elected as Secretary and Treasurer. Thus the church set out hopefully on another year in its work of making the sweet calm of religion a present reality in the heart of the great rushing and roaring city.

**Chicago.**—The following correspondence was read from the pulpit of Unity Church, Sunday, Jan. 6.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1893.

REV. THOMAS G. MILSTED:

Dear Sir,—At the annual meeting of Unity Church held on the eighteenth instant, at which your resignation as pastor was accepted, it was unanimously voted that a committee be appointed to express to you and to Mrs. Milsted the kind feeling of the church toward you, and their regret at the necessity of your departure.

The committee appointed for this purpose feel that, in expressing their own individual sentiment, they voice that of all the rest.

During your pastorate of eight years there has been, so far as known to us, only kindly feeling toward you, and whatever differences there may have been, we believe they have left no bitterness, nor weakened our mutual confidence in the earnest desire of all to further the highest interests of Unity Church and of the Unitarian faith.

You have come as a friend to the homes of all. In some you have spoken the words of benediction and of congratulation which belong to the marriage service. You have baptized the little ones. In the hour of sorrow you have comforted the mourners, and have said the last farewell over our dead.

You have preached earnestly from the pulpit. Since your marriage Mrs. Milsted, a true daughter of Unity Church, continuing what she had so well begun as child and maiden, in Sunday school and church, has been your worthy helpmate in all that relates to our common interest and fellowship.

She has filled with dignity and ability the not always easy office of pastor's wife, earning the respect and regard of all, both young and old.

The breaking of the ties between minister and people is always painful, and we think we speak for the whole congregation when we say that the necessity for separation is regretted by all.

You are about to enter on a year of foreign travel and observation. We trust that you will return to your native land with enlarged experience and fresh vigor, ready to enter upon some field of labor where you will reap the full reward of earnest striving in your chosen profession.

For ourselves individually, and in the name of Unity Church, we offer to you and to Mrs. Milsted our best wishes and a hearty and loving farewell.

SAMUEL S. GREELEY,

L. J. TILTON,

JOHN S. BREWER,

F. S. HEYWOOD,

MRS. WM. INGLIS,

Committee.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2, 1894.

MR. SAMUEL S. GREELEY, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions:

DEAR SIR,—The kind message from your committee came duly to hand to-day. I appreciate the spirit which prompted it, and return in full measure all the good wishes it contains.

The happiness and prosperity of my eight years in Chicago have been exceptionally great; greater, perhaps, than will be my lot elsewhere.

The memory of the noble dead—now gone to their reward—who worshiped and labored with us in Unity Church, and the love I bear for others who, I trust, will be long spared, will always be a benediction to me.

Mrs. Milsted joins me in thanking the committee, both as individuals and as representatives of the church, for their love and good will, and in praying that the blessings you wish for us may also be your own. Cordially yours,

T. G. MILSTED.

**Peoria, Ill.**—The People's Church has been celebrating its first mile-stone with great rejoicing. Last Tuesday we had the first Sunday-school Christmas festival. School numbers over sixty. To-night the first annual supper was served, there were 250 at the tables, and many visitors who came in later to the other exercises. Speeches were made by many of the founders and guests—all of the most congratulatory and hopeful character. The church held its first annual election last Sunday. The board or council of ten that organized the church were retained, and six more elected to act with them. The feeling that a good year's history had been made seemed universal. Many highly complimentary remarks were made in regard to the faithful, self-denying work done by the minister and his wife—she being president of a very efficient Ladies' Society. They all feel that UNITY is *their* paper; the minister reads much from it in his work in the church. We have to overcome the present small pecuniary resources of the church and have a long list of subscribers.

Unity Hymns is a source of spiritual nourishment to all.

**Streator, Ill.**—The new movement here, called the Church of Good Will, is thriving wonderfully. The large audiences of three or four hundred show no signs of diminishing, and the organic life of the society is beginning to develop. A large and efficient Ladies' Society is doing excellent work, and a Sunday school has been started which already numbers a hundred in attendance and over that in membership. The fact that the church services are held in the evening down town in the Opera House has made the movement a popular one from the start, and has given Mr. Duncan a rare opportunity to reach the non-church-going people; and he is using the opportunity with remarkable wisdom and success.



**Geneva, Ill.**—A memorial service in honor of the first pastor of the church, Rev. Augustus H. Conant, was held Jan. 7, the fifty-second anniversary of his removal to Geneva. There were appropriate readings from Scripture and Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." The pastor gave a brief sketch of Mr. Conant's life, and then read one of his sermons, entitled "Present Rewards of Liberality." A pleasant surprise followed in the shape of a gift of a crayon portrait of Mr. Conant, executed by his granddaughter, Miss Louise Conant, of Rockford, and presented by Mr. Harvey in the name of Mrs. Conant and her family. The occasion was one of suitable and worthy recognition of the past labors of one of the bravest and best of the pioneers of liberal thought in the West.

**Whitewater, Wis.**—Some weeks ago the Universalists of this place ventured to invite Mr. Nagarkar to lecture there. He made such a favorable impression that he was invited to speak again in the regular lecture course on Tuesday evening, when he was welcomed by an audience of about six hundred. On the following evening he spoke in the Universalist Church on the message of the Brahmo-Somaj. The liberal element in Whitewater think he has done so much good that they will try another "heathen" in the near future.

**Plainview, Minn.**—At this point Rev. F. C. Davis, of Winona, has done some effective missionary work. For more than a year he has gone there on week-days or Sundays, a opportunity has offered, and lectured and preached in the opera hall—always to large audiences and appreciative acceptance. In October he organized his constituency into a Liberal League, associated under the following pledge:

We, the undersigned, being desirous of maintaining individual independence in matters of religion, and of extending peace and good will among men, pledge such moral and financial support as we can consistently give to the Liberal League of Plainview, Minn. The object of the Liberal League shall be to bring into fraternal co-operation all those who favor rational and progressive standards of belief and conduct. The sole right to membership shall consist in willingness to assist in developing broader charity and loftier ideals.

On Dec. 13-17, Mr. Davis held a series of special services, which resulted in adding many to the membership—the list includes over a hundred persons. There are more to follow. On Monday evening, Dec. 18, the League held a social meeting, with collation. Nearly \$40 was realized, which will be devoted to the benefit of the needy people of the village. Some persons may not think the Plainview Liberal League is a church, but it has all the features essential to a church, and is doing much good work that belongs within the province of the churches.—*Liberal Co-Worker.*

**Winona, Minn.**—The Winona Society is a growing Liberal center. The Spring session of the Conference is to be held here, and Minister Davis writes that it "will probably be an inter-state, and if possible an inter-denominational gathering. We shall invite and welcome representatives of all Liberal churches. Personally I hope the Universalist brethren will be here in force." Speaking of the *Co-Worker* Mr. Davis says: "I am pleased with the paper, and can only add anew—keep it before the people and *Push Things.*"—*Liberal Co-Worker.*

**Cincinnati, O.**—We clip the following from the *Cincinnati Tribune* of Jan. 7:

The afternoons devoted to the report of the Religious News Committee, of the Unitarian Woman's Alliance, have always proved peculiarly interesting, it being the province of that committee to report whatever is new or striking in the religious world, and the meeting to be held to-morrow will prove no exception. Mrs. Robertson, wife of Judge C. D. Robertson, will read an able paper on the World's Parliament of Religions, and will be followed by Mrs. Bovill, Adjutant of the Salvation Army, who has been asked to be present and speak on the work of the Salvation Army in this city.

We also learn that Mr. Nagarkar gives three lectures, Jan. 12-15, under the auspices of the Woman's Alliance, the proceeds to go to the Free Kindergarten.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—The following item will be of interest to UNITY readers. It is clipped from the *St. Louis Republic* of Jan. 1:

IN MEMORY OF REV. J. C. LEARNED.  
The Church of the Unity on Lafayette Park was completely filled yesterday at the service held in memory of the late pastor, Rev. John C. Learned. The program included two hymns, written by the deceased, in the singing of which all joined, the trio "Lift Thine Eyes," and the solo "I Go to Prove My Soul," finely rendered by Miss Emma Taussig. Between the singing, Edward S. Rowse, Professor C. M. Woodward, and Thomas Dimmock addressed the congregation. Mr. Rowse spoke on the history of the Church of the Unity and Mr. Learned's connection therewith, which extended over twenty-three years. He bore affectionate testimony to the many noble qualities of the deceased. Prof. Woodward gave personal recollections and reminiscences of the late minister, all tending to illustrate his exceptionally high character. Mr. Dimmock's essay was a masterpiece of diction, a loving tribute, such as only an appreciative heart could pay to the memory of a dear friend.

The services occupied exactly an hour and a half. They were peculiarly appropriate and deeply impressive. The entire proceedings, together with those of the funeral services some days ago, will be published in the form of a memorial pamphlet.

Mr. Duncan, of Streator, occupied the St. Louis pulpit Jan. 7, and Mr. Judy, of Davenport, Jan. 14, the Western Secretary preaching in Streator and Davenport on those dates.

**Spokane, Wash.**—Rev. A. G. Wilson has accepted the call extended to him by the church at this place, and is now filling the position left vacant by the resignation of Rev. E. M. Fairchild.

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Jesus a Revelation of Man's Divinity—Rev. C. C. Cave, Pastor Non-Sectarian Church, St. Louis.  
Rome's Opportunity—Merwin Marie Snell, late private secretary to Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, and lecturer at the Catholic University of America at Washington D. C.  
Jesus of Nazareth—Rev. J. H. Crooker, author of "The New Bible and Its New Uses."  
Who Is to Blame for the Crucifixion of Jesus?—Rabbi Samuel Sale, Shaare Emeth Hebrew Congregation, St. Louis.

Among other interesting articles the following will shortly be published:

The Tale of Israel Told Anew—Prof. W. B. Smith, of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.  
Some Old Unitarian Worthies—Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D.  
The Ideal Life—Prof. J. N. Patrick, Superintendent Public Schools, Streator, Ill.  
The Oldest Book in the World in the Light of Its Newest Thought—Rabbi Leon Harrison, Temple Israel, St. Louis.  
Altruism in Evolution—E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," etc.  
Manual Training Religion—John Monteith, formerly Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, and State Supt. of Public Schools of Missouri.  
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